

Student's Pen



February 1952

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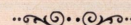
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TABLE OF CONTENTS



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK	3
MISS SARAH REAGAN	4
A VACATION IN FLORIDA, by Katharine Maguire	5
THE LAND OF THE SKIER'S DREAMS, by Janet Lewis	5
THE HAPPY GOD, by Michael Lubin	6
WINTER?!, by Marlene Burns	8
ESSAYS ARE EASY?, by Kathleen McMahon	9
TESTS, by Sara Milne	9
CAREER CORNER	10
GUIDANCE	11
THE BERKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE, by Dante Fresia	12
CROSSWORD PUZZLE	13
WHO'S WHO	14
SCHOOL NOTES	16
ALUMNI NOTES	22
BOYS' SPORTS	23
GIRLS' SPORTS	24



E. D.

From the EDITOR'S DESK

Education At Stake

By Nancy Quirk, '52

RECENTLY in the news the library and the museum have come forth with request for public funds in order that they might continue to provide properly the functions for which they were intended. Shouldn't these two institutions be taken care of at public expense?

The library should be of special concern to us as students. Most of our research and outside reading has to be done through the facilities of the public library. The school's library, which was described in the most recent issue of **YOUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS** as "unique among high school libraries" exists only because of the Berkshire Athenaeum. Without these two we should be hard pressed to write research essays, not to mention the loss that would be ours by the lack of entertaining reading matter. For who is able to buy all the best-selling fiction that comes out?

And too, the Athenaeum comprises a large part of the city's Park Square tradition. For it to be closed because of a lack of funds,

when so much money is being appropriated for other things would be not only foolish but a blow to culture.

The museum has a more limited public but aside from what it offers in several branches of art, it also provides a small auditorium for lecture series and public forums, and offers a better type and educational movies.

The taxpayers of the city seem to be paying enough money into the treasury. Why can't some of it be used to help the library and museum along and foster other institutions of learning outside of those which already provide a formal education?

We as students should support this idea on the basis of the invaluable assistance we get from both places while we are still in school. When our formal education is ended the two are still at our disposal rendering cultural assistance and helping us informally to continue our education in a day and age when there is a crying need for educated people.

Miss Sarah Reagan



A FRIEND you can count on" is the answer you would receive if you asked one of her pupils his opinion of Miss Reagan. Seldom is a teacher complimented in this way by her severest critics. As a result of her retirement many at Pittsfield High School are losing a faithful friend.

She has all the qualities necessary to make a perfect teacher and because of this she is respected by everyone of the pupils who eagerly enter her classes.

Miss Reagan believes that teaching is one of the finest careers anyone could choose today, not only because education is important in maintaining our democracy and it provides an opportunity to come in contact with many people, but also because it is thoroughly fascinating. She has never regretted having selected it; this is the reason for her success.

During her many years at Crane Junior High hundreds of pupils passed through her doors. Room sixteen was always an enjoyable place, because Miss Reagan was never

content in teaching only the material required. It was those extra things that seemed to change the drudgery of the school day into entertainment. Her blackboards were always covered with interesting proverbs and excerpts from famous poems and speeches which many of her students were able to quote.

Although Latin is her specialty, she never failed to erase the confused look of a student puzzling over another subject.

Being an extremely active person herself she never allowed her pupils to become idle. There was always plenty of work to be done and many things to be discussed. Perhaps this is the reason those fifty minutes in her class seemed to pass so quickly.

To anyone who had the idea that her favorite subject, Latin, was dull she gave special attention and soon converted him. Knowing there is more to the language than merely memorizing declensions and reciting conjugations, she brought to life the customs and habits of the Roman citizens, read suitable myths and legends, and taught bits of conversation to make the class more interesting.

When she was transferred to Pittsfield High in 1949, Miss Reagan brought with her a delightful personality and immediately became an important part of this school.

She was happily welcomed by her many friends from Crane; but others came to recognize her cheerful face as they passed in the halls.

The retirement of this fine teacher and true friend is regretted by the faculty and students at P.H.S. We are fortunate in having had the opportunity to benefit from her wisdom.

A Vacation In Florida

By Katharine Maguire, '54

THE brightly-colored post-card pictured a sunny beach washed by lazy waters. Overhead the sky was blue and cloudless and tropical palms swayed gently in the distance. The message on the reverse was the customary one (peculiar to post-cards) which stated that Florida in the winter time was heaven on earth and "we wish you could be here to enjoy it with us."

"I'm so sure we would just *love* to be there with you!" Mr. Tracy remarked sarcastically and with a slight touch of bitterness in his voice to his wife. It seemed that they had heard more of their neighbors, the McDuffs, since their recent departure to Florida a few weeks before, than they had in all the years they had been living rather unobtrusively across the street. Mr. Tracy sighed slightly to himself as the thought recurred to him that this year "keeping up with the Joneses" or, in this instance, the McDuffs, had been quite beyond him; and his rising expenses, in proportion to his financial status, made it increasingly difficult for him to "stache away the easy cash."

However, these anxieties quickly vanished under the magic of a good, home-cooked meal, and Mr. Tracy, seated in his favorite armchair, puffing contentedly upon his pipe, began to consider his lot in life not so harsh after all. He settled back drowsily to enjoy his favorite quiz-program via television.

The "Troublesome Tune" was still unidentified. Person after person had failed to name it correctly. Fabulous prizes would reward the winner. With a sudden jolt, he sat upright. It was his own telephone ringing! With trembling hand he lifted the receiver. The voice on the other end belonged to a telephone operator in New York!

Within minutes the "Troublesome Tune" was being played for him to identify. With a

shrinking sensation he realized that he could not. Then, suddenly, as the last precious seconds were ticking away, the title of the song came to him with acute clearness; and he responded happily into the receiver.

"Mr. Tracy, you have just won a month's vacation in Florida, with all expenses paid for the entire family, a new car, a watch for every member of your family, etc., etc." shouted the voice as Mr. Tracy lay sprawled on the floor. Everyone seemed to be crowding around him and screaming.

Mr. Tracy awoke from his dream stretched awkwardly along the floor, where he had fallen from his armchair, with various members of his family nudging and poking him.

THE LAND OF THE SKIER'S DREAMS

By Janet Lewis, '52

There's a thrill to the icy northland,
Where Winter is always king;
And the snow is a gleaming blanket,
A marvelous, living thing.

There's a force in each splendid mountain
That forever seeks the sky,
And draws to its slopes the skier,
Like a magnet great and high.

And the skier on reaching the summit,
Where no higher he can go,
Must turn, then speed on downward
To the valleys far below.

But as he swirls down he must think that
The snow that fluffs and gleams,
Can only exist in the northland,
The land of the skier's dreams.

"The Happy God"

By Michal Lubin, '52

WINTER. The tepid rays of the late afternoon sun made a dismal picture of a decrepit little house on the outskirts of a small, mid-western town. Its gray paint was peeling; and the snow, reflecting the leaden sky of a late afternoon in winter, covered any vegetation which might have relieved the dreary picture. Apparently oblivious to the somber setting which surrounded them, a group of rosy-cheeked children were gaily coasting down a big hill against which the ramshackle house stood out in bas-relief. Their happy shouts could be heard by a woman who sat at one of the windows of the little house, straining her eyes to catch the last of the fast-fading afternoon light for her sewing.

At first glance, she appeared to be an elderly woman who had seen her share of tears and trouble; but when viewed more closely, the young lines of her face showed that she couldn't be more than thirty-five, although her hair was grey and there were many lines in her forehead.

With an audible sigh, she laid her work on the little table next to her. She never seemed to get enough sewing done during the day. The lines in her forehead deepened as she wondered how the rent would be paid this month. It was almost time to call the children in, but she would rest a minute first—just a minute.

Her eyes wandered over the little room. It was clean—very clean—but awfully bare. The small fireplace hardly ever had any wood in it; and the old oak table held only a few dishes at each meal. Just enough for Johnnie, Jeanne, and herself—sometimes only for Johnnie and Jeanne.

At thought of the two little children, she glanced out of the window. How happy they looked! Poor little things. Jeanne was only four, but Johnnie was eight—he still remembered. Her eyes misted and she looked away

from the window. Her glance fell upon a little statue standing beside her work basket. The Happy God—she smiled. Sometimes the little carving frightened her. John had picked it up someplace for little Johnnie. That had been two years ago—before the fatal accident. She picked it up and caressed the satiny wood with one fingertip. The little man, Chinese, she thought he was, had his reddish-brown arms flung up in the air. His big, fat belly was thrust out, and he smiled a benevolent smile upon everyone with his head cocked to one side. John had told little Johnnie that if he shut his eyes tight, rubbed the belly of the Happy God with his left thumb and made a wish, the wish would come true. The Happy God always seemed to be leering evilly at her, though. Jeanne loved the little man. He took the place of a doll in her small world, and she and Johnnie were always wishing on him. Usually, their wishes were easily perceived; and, more often than not, they were granted.

"Oh, well," sighed the tired woman, "It won't be long before it'll take more than a statue to keep them both happy."

She stretched and rose to call the children. Suddenly, her body stiffened. The Happy God dropped from her hand to the floor; she flung open the window, shouting: "Jeanne! Watch out!"

Johnnie, standing at the top of the big hill, called to his little sister at the same time; but both warnings had come too late.

The red-cheeked, curly-headed little girl had lost one of her boots while coasting down the hill and had stopped to fix it. Meanwhile, the other six children had piled onto two sleds; and not realizing that Jeanne could not get out of the way in time, they went flying down the hill one right after the other. On hearing her mother's voice, Jeanne had straightened up. It was at that moment

that the two sleds, crowded with children, crashed into her. The first knocked her down, spilling its occupants; and the second ran right over her.

All this had happened in the space of a few seconds. As soon as she had uttered her warning, the distraught mother burst out of the house and up the hill.

The Happy God lay on his back on the floor grinning silently up at the open window.

It was a silent, frightened group of children who stood around the white-faced child as her panicky mother bent over the little form.

"Jeanne," she whispered. The girl's blue eyes were opened wide, and she breathed with effort. At her mother's touch, she whimpered. Carefully the woman lifted the limp figure and carried it into the house. Pale of face, and with quivering lips, Johnnie followed.

Spring. Jeanne sat at one of the windows of the little house. She watched with longing as Johnnie played in the yard with his friends. A robin hopped along the windowsill and pecked at the dry bread put out for him. A few white clouds floated slowly across the horizon. The air was redolent with the smell of damp, freshly-turned soil.

The child's world became the essence of spring-time. Her mind, which was the only part of her that could be really active, had, during the long winter months, developed a vivid imagination. This bright morning, she was already lost in a dream deep in the azure depths of the soft sky.

From the next room came the soft voice of Jeanne's mother. She was singing. There wasn't much to sing for, the tired woman realized, but Jeanne enjoyed hearing the soft, melodic voice. And the troubled mother would do anything if it made her sick daughter happy.

The winter hadn't been very pleasant for any of them, least of all for Jeanne. A great part of the time, the golden-haired little girl had been in severe pain. The sled accident had injured some of the nerves in her spine,

and her legs would be useless for the rest of her life. The doctors thought she was a little better now. At least she could sit up for a few hours every day. She did not become so tired any more from working with her hands. There was still hope.

It was hard for Jeanne's young mind to grasp the fact that she might never walk again, and she was often peevish and restive. Today, however, she seemed content and happy. The busy mother came often to the door to watch her as she sat by the window. In her little hands, she held the Happy God, her faithful companion. Her lips were moving—she talked to him often. He was always included in her dreams.

Leaning forward slightly and with great effort, the little girl surveyed the sky anxiously. Somewhere up there was the endless happiness she was seeking—the boundless joy which she forever begged from the Happy God.

Suddenly a few gentle raindrops splashed against the window pane. The sky was crying because it could not satisfy her wish. Tears of sympathy darted to the girl's blue eyes. Then through her tears, she saw it—vaguely, at first—but after a moment—clear and unobstructed. A rainbow—its soft colors arching through the sky and disappearing beyond the horizon. She uttered a small cry of joy. Here was the thing she was seeking! Here was the path to endless happiness. With a sigh of pleasure, she sank against the chair-back. Her eyes closed softly. The Happy God dropped from her limp hand to the floor.

* * * * *

A few moments later, the tired, careworn mother entered the room, a glass of milk in her hand.

At sight of Jeanne's white face a convulsive sob escaped her. The milk dropped to the floor. Her despairing eyes followed the path it made across the floor. From the deathly white pool surrounding him, the Happy God leered up at her.

Winter ? !

By Marlene Burns, '55

THE snow was gently falling as the paper boy expertly heaved a folded paper onto our porch. Hearing its resounding smack against the door, I walked out to get it and carefully extricated it from its many folds. I slouched down in Dad's favorite chair, reached for the box of chocolates, and started reading. The first few pages were filled with the usual news of deaths, births, and what-have-you, and I was about to put it aside when, turning to the next page, a splashy ad caught my eye. There, occupying the whole page, was an illustration of a girl in the ski suit of my dreams. In bold type was the news that Cramer's, the best in town, was announcing a gigantic sale featuring forty-dollar ski suits at half price. Unable to suppress my joy, I ran to the kitchen, where Mother was deeply engrossed in her cookbook, and shoved the paper in front of her. After a few hasty sentences, I stood there waiting for her comment. As calm and emphatic as ever, she announced that I definitely did not need a new ski suit since my old one had at least two more years of use coming to it. Crestfallen and exasperated, I wondered how in the world she could be so practical when a sale like this was going on. After all, I thought to myself, the weatherman promised us a good, old-fashioned, New England winter and that certainly means plenty of skiing. I again curled up in Dad's chair and glumly awaited his arrival.

One long, uneventful hour later, Dad entered our little household. My enthusiasm renewed, I approached him with a most convincing sales talk. Before he had time to take off his coat, I was telling him of the wonders at Cramer's. My speech had reached its climactic point and just when I was positive that Dad would concede, Mother came into the living room, ready and willing to tell her side of the story. I stood there, while Mother

recalled the repetitious fact that I absolutely did not need a new ski suit, and watched the enthusiastic attitude which I had implanted in Dad slowly fade.

Later that evening, I sat looking at the downy flakes tumbling past my window while my homework lay untouched on the desk. Trying to think of some way to convince my pessimistic parents, I decided that Marge, my bosom friend, would be able to offer some advice. Still later that evening, Mother came in and announced that Marge and I had better call it a day. Thinking it might not be completely hopeless after all, I slithered into a chair near Mother, assumed my most dramatic voice, and again told her the woeful plight of Sally Dickinson, a girl without a ski suit; new, that is. Mother seemed to be a million miles away, but as I was about to give up I realized that my efforts hadn't been wasted. Mother turned aside, mumbled something that seemed to be yes, and went into the kitchen. I was now in that elated state of mind which every fifteen-year-old girl must have experienced at some time or another.

The next day purposely seemed to drag by, and, of course, the teachers doubled the homework. When the bell rang, I gathered my books, elbowed through the crowd, and rushed out to meet Mother. Apparently advertising pays off, for it seemed that every girl I knew was in Cramer's ski tog department with the same idea. I managed to grab a remaining suit and I quickly tried it on. Mother eyed me and the suit carefully, made a few hasty calculations, and flashed me a smile that meant "Head for the nearest salesman." Twenty minutes later, we had managed to squeeze through the throng and find a clerk. After I had thanked Mother exuberantly, she suddenly decided that while we were at Cramer's we ought to buy a few

other necessary items. Eight departments later, we made our way to the car, our arms laden with packages of all sort.

Dad was in unusually good spirits that evening, and when I paraded around the living room in my new ski suit he seemed amply pleased. I noticed Mother was beaming, too.

Well, that day in December when I first saw Cramer's ad has come and gone, and with all my breathless sales talk and Mother's scrupulous bargaining, Mother Nature turned the tables. It is now well into February and my ski suit is rapidly gathering more than its share of dust. The only snow I've seen in a long time was on the Christmas tree and that beautiful winter we were promised is now just a premature spring with drizzly days, watery slush, and overcast skies. Ski suits, hah! winter, hah!!

Essays Are Easy?

By Kathleen McMahon, '54

ESSAYS are fascinating pieces of literature and so easy to write. The only necessities are a pencil, a few pieces of paper and a good head of hair to tear at. The hair is not really necessary though, for many excellent essays have been written by people with crew cuts.

First you sit down and stare at the paper, ambition written all over your face. But the ambition soon fades away and slowly the refrigerator is emptied of a Coke, an apple, a carrot and the remains of the evening's desert. Now that you are refreshed you may again begin the momentous task of filling that blank sheet of white with doodles, scrawls, chicken scratches, and perhaps if Providence is with you, an essay.

Now that the daisy chain along the edge of the paper has been completed and the portrait of your brother in monkey form polished off, perhaps you might begin to look for ideas.

"Father, oh, father dear," you coax in your

best tones of parental reverence. "Would you have any ideas for an essay?"

"Fanpkemmn" mutters your father, engrossed in the evening paper.

"Why, that's wonderful, but I'd really like something more concrete," you answer.

Daddy sighs resignedly and shuffles over to the desk with a discouraging look on his face. "I thought I told you to get started on that essay two weeks ago."

"But, gee, I had so much to do—and besides I didn't have any ideas."

"Well, what ideas have you got now?" queries father with a faint gleam of hope in his eyes.

"Err-r-none really—but I thought that you might-ah-." You break off as your source of ideas once more becomes engrossed in the paper with some uncomplimentary remarks directed toward you.

Once more you stare disconsolately at the blank sheet. How in Heaven's name can you fill it? Then inspiration strikes! The dawn cometh, the light breaketh! You scramble feverishly for a pencil, take a deep breath, and begin your masterpiece: "Essays are Easy?"

TESTS

By Sara Milne, '55

Tests! Why do they always come When I could be having so much fun Skiing, or trying to, at Bosquet's, Sleeping 'til ten on Saturdays, Skating at Clapp, practicing spirals, Or see P.H.S. beat all rivals.

Mother says I'll surely fail If all I do is sit and wail About the fun I missed at the game 'Cause I had to learn about Caesar's fame. That movie I missed at the State Was not just the work of fate. My Latin words were way behind And so I really had to grind.

But someday, maybe, I'll be glad I studied hard to be a "grad."

CAREER CORNER



DR. JOSEPH FARRELL, JR.

DR. Joseph Farrell, Jr., a dentist, is in Career Corner's spotlight this issue. He is a 1937 graduate of Pittsfield High School where he took the College Preparatory Course. While at Pittsfield High, Dr. Farrell was sports editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. In his senior year, he edited sports in the year book and also took part in the class play "A Pair of Sixes." After graduation, he attended St. John's Preparatory School in Danvers, Massachusetts for a year.

From St. John's he went to the University of Massachusetts. In the fall of 1940, after completing the two-year pre-dental course at the University, Dr. Farrell transferred to the Dental School of Tufts College.

While he was at Tufts, it was necessary for him to travel to Chelsea two evenings a week to Captain John Adam's Hospital where he was an interne. His work here consisted of exodontia and minor oral surgery.

Because of the war, an accelerated course had been adopted at Tufts to enable the students to finish the course before being drafted. Therefore, it was necessary for the dental students to attend school in the summer. Tufts Dental graduated a class every nine months. In December, 1943, after completing eight semesters of schooling in 38

months, Dr. Farrell graduated from Tufts College with his D.M.D. (Doctor of Medical Dentistry) degree.

After graduation Dr. Farrell returned to Pittsfield to practice with his father. This practice was cut short when he was called for active duty in the Navy. The Navy had a special regulation permitting the boys studying medicine or dentistry to complete their schooling. It also provided a reserved commission for those who enlisted under this regulation. Dr. Farrell had enlisted in 1942 and was called in April, 1944.

He was allowed to practice in the intervening four months, between graduation and Navy service, until the Dental Corps activated his commission. The requirements for acceptance into the Dental Corps were:

1. Graduation from an accredited Class "A" college.
2. Membership in the American Dental Association.
3. License to practice in the state in which the dentist resides.

Dr. Farrell went into service as a lieutenant junior grade and reported to Norfolk Naval Shipyard, Portsmouth, Virginia. He worked there for 27 months, getting a furlough at Christmas time. In November, 1945, he was promoted to a full lieutenant. He served as a lieutenant until his honorable discharge in April, 1946. After his discharge, Dr. Farrell returned to his practice of general dentistry.

Dr. Farrell recalls at Norfolk Naval Shipyard the dentists had a special office. A woman marine who worked in the outer office owned a pesky dog which always seemed to enter the dental office at the wrong time. However, the dentists solved the problem one day by covering the dog with gentian violet. The marine was greatly shocked when she saw her dog's new purple coat. Henceforth, the dog stayed out of the dental office.

February, 1952

11

Dr. Farrell mentions that the occupation offers the opportunity of meeting people and also that the ability to relieve pain gives great satisfaction. Another advantage is that a dentist is his own boss. He may indicate his own hours and establish his practice. Dr. Farrell has never specialized because he finds that he likes every phase of dentistry.

He holds membership in the Knights of Columbus, Western District Dental Association, the Holy Name Society of Sacred Heart Church, and the Berkshire Hills Country Club. He plays golf and engages in some amateur photography.

Dr. Farrell advises those who are interested in dentistry to remember that, although dentistry was once a man's vocation, this is not true anymore. Many women are enter-

ing the field and attaining much success, especially in research and child dentistry.

He recommends that students preparing for this occupation take all the sciences offered in secondary school and college. However, he stresses the fact that outside activities should not be neglected as they are very important; Personality plays an important part in the occupation.

Boys who think that they may be drafted should not slow down on their school work. If a knowledge of science is present and an aptitude for either dentistry or medicine is shown, boys are selected from the draft to continue their study.

Dr. Farrell closes with this suggestion: work hard and try to keep in mind the maxim "Conquer Thyself."

Guidance

THERE are more people put out of jobs or not promoted, due to their inability to get along with fellow-workers than for any other reason. This problem is so pressing in industry that practically all personnel departments are scrutinizing every available means, including tests of all kinds, to screen potential employees with the idea of eliminating, insofar as possible, personality misfits, since these are the people who slow down production regardless of type of job.

While the particular situation may seem to be a long way off as far as we students are concerned, the facts are that behavior in class-rooms, auditorium, study halls, dances, shows, library, etc., is the key to your later behavior pattern. When you stop to think of it (if you haven't thought of it before) going to school represents, in most cases twelve years of preparation for your adult vocation. During those twelve years you learn, among other things, how to get along with your peers. In the public schools, you learn to get along with people from all the various social-economic strata of our society. Therefore, the manner in which you get along with

your classmates is fairly indicative of how you'll get along with your fellow-workers later in life.

There are several obvious types of high school students. Ask yourself these questions:

1. Are you the timid mouse type? Do you scurry into your home room the first thing in the morning, say nothing to anybody, go through the day, period to period, teacher to teacher, speaking only when called upon and then only in monosyllabic answers?

Or

2. Are you the other extreme? Do you dash madly into the room, late as usual, slam your books down—(if you happened to remember to bring them home—), look around to see who has the homework done, and then spend the next 15 minutes scurrying around to find out the answers? And then do you proceed to play the same pattern all day long, not forgetting to spend some time cultivating the teachers whom you are to charm by your scintillating personality so that you might be able to get a passing mark.

(Continued on page 21)

The Berkshire Playhouse

By Dante M. Fresia, Jr., '52

IN the theatre there is a saying that goes "A good dress rehearsal means a bad opening night. A bad dress rehearsal means a good opening night." Although to the reader this may seem to be a silly superstition, it has been found from experience that the performers hold much faith in this theatrical idiosyncrasy, and more often than not, it proves to be true. In fact the performers place so much faith in this superstition that if the rehearsal goes along too smoothly, they will intentionally forget lines, miss cues, and "flub-up" their "business".

Dress rehearsals at the Playhouse are set for eight every Sunday evening. As you may have guessed, they seldom start on time; in fact, they are usually from an hour to an hour and a half late in starting. The star never seems to arrive on time and of course, takes plenty of time to put on his make-up. After which he saunters up to the stage and takes about a half an hour to become acquainted with the scenery and props. Then there is a long conference between Mr. Miles, the director, and the star. Finally after this ritual is taken care of, dress rehearsal starts, and if the rehearsal goes too smoothly, someone is sure to "throw" a line or tangle-up his cues. This, of course, is done on purpose. After ironing out these acting and technical difficulties, rehearsal ends. The actors and crew are treated to a midnight lunch (except by that time it is about two or three A. M.). Thus goes a typical dress rehearsal.

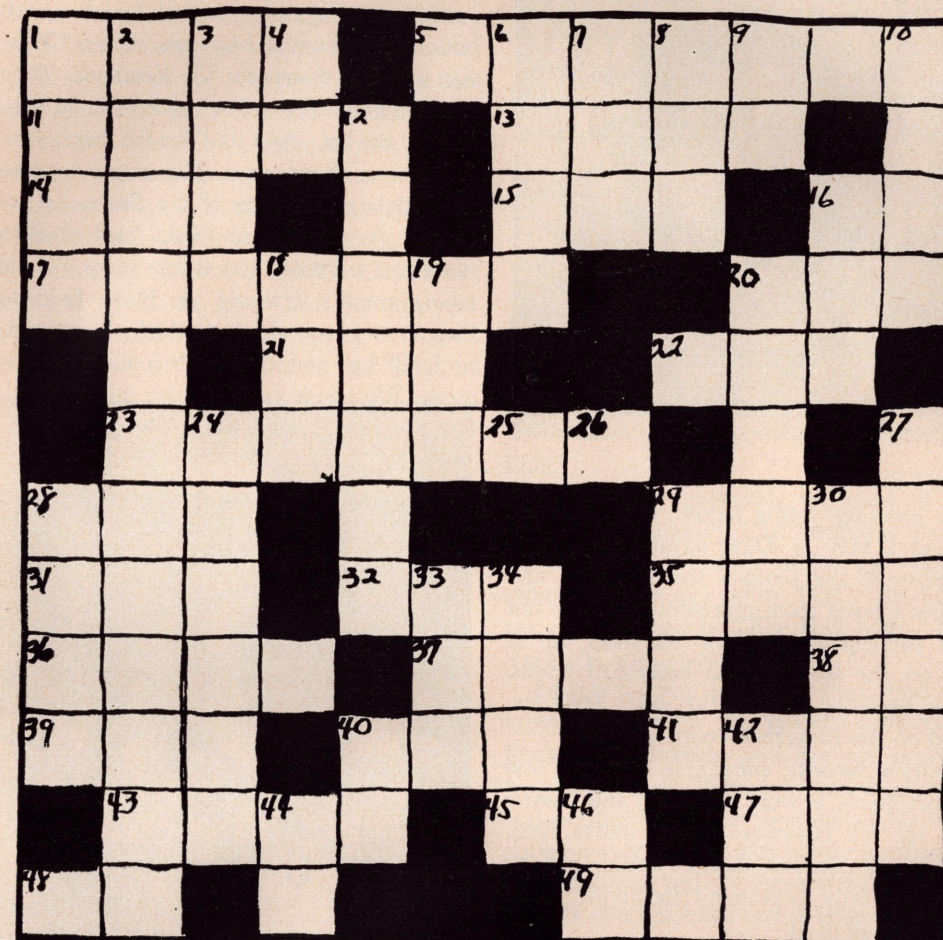
Among the sixty-odd dress rehearsals that we have attended and taken part in, the one which remains most vivid in our memory is the first one in which we took part; in fact, it was the first dress rehearsal that we had

ever seen. That week we were doing Thornton Wilder's "By the Skin of Our Teeth", which starred Carol Stone (the daughter of the famous actor-producer Fred Stone) and the author, Thornton Wilder. We had been working at the Playhouse about a week by then and thought we knew just about all there was to know about theatrical production, but by the time that the rehearsal was over we had a different attitude. That dress rehearsal lasted from 9 P. M. to 4 A. M., and most of the delay was due to yours truly who was doing sound effect. We were either late on or missed every sound cue there was that night and really took a "calling down" from Billy Miles after the rehearsal was over. The next day we were told jokingly by one of the actors that we had broken a record; we were the instigator of the longest dress rehearsal in the history of the Playhouse. We are happy to say that opening night came off fairly well even though we did miss one sound cue and was late on another. The actors were wonderful at covering up.

Another particularly memorable dress rehearsal is that in which the famous comedian of the silent screen days, Buster Keaton, took part. That week we were doing "Three Men on a Horse", and Buster, who wasn't used to using dialogue, couldn't remember his lines. That didn't bother Buster, the great stone-face; he always found something humorous to say. I don't think Buster used the same lines twice during the week that he played at the Playhouse, and every night it seemed as if we were watching a different play.

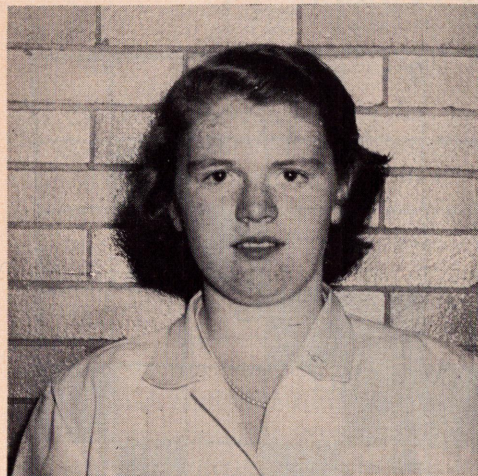
Many actors and actresses have humorous superstitions and idiosyncrasies; next issue, you will meet some more stars and learn of their superstitions and idiosyncrasies.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



- | Across | | Down | |
|----------------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Ache | 29. Soft drink | 1. Fruit | 18. Pittsfield sportscaster |
| 5. To slander | 31. To perform | 2. Operation | 19. Negative |
| 11. Era | 32. Standing room only | 3. Small quantity; Greek letter | 20. Writer of fables |
| 13. Idol | 35. Not closed | 4. Southern state (abbr.) | 24. A being |
| 14. Likely | 36. To move slightly | 6. A senior wears one | 27. Roan |
| 15. Born | 37. Roman date | 7. Card | 28. Short, swift race |
| 16. Three-toed sloth | 38. Paid (abbr.) | 8. Female deer | 29. Passable |
| 17. Perusing | 39. Very warm | 9. Prefix meaning "not" | 30. To exile |
| 20. Part of "be" | 40. Fuss | 10. One of the Great Lakes | 33. To free |
| 21. Year (Span.) | 41. Hautboy | 12. Atrocious | 34. Scent |
| 22. To place | 43. Legend | 16. Skill | 40. Exclamation of satisfaction |
| 23. Indicates | 45. Of the matter | | 42. Wager |
| 28. Lair | 47. To be mistaken | | 44. Toward |
| | 48. Near in passing | | 46. Printer's measure |
| | 49. Baseball glove | | |

WHO'S WHO



"BARB"

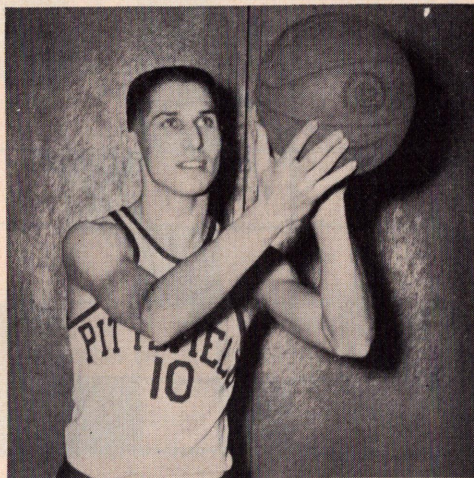
No introduction is needed for this very busy senior, Barbara Marsters, who is Chairman of Girl's Sports for the Yearbook. Barb is active in all sports, but basketball and soft-ball top the list. As a Red Sox fan, her hobby is following their games. Her only pet peeve is "People making fun of my Bostonian accent." As a favorite food, fried chicken rates tops anytime. Her future plans include taking nurse's training at New England Deaconess Hospital, after which she intends to fulfill her ambition of becoming a good nurse. We are certain that she will succeed. Good luck to a swell girl.

"LEFTY"

A sporting young fellow you often see around P.H.S. is Dick Rivard, who was secretary of the Junior Class last year, and is now a home room representative. He not only participates in these activities but is also on the baseball and basketball teams. He is none other than the swift little forward on the basketball court.

Lefty's favorite subject is baseball, and his pet peeve is work. Baseball and basketball are his favorites in the sports field.

After graduation Lefty would like to follow in Billy Goodman's footsteps. Good luck from all of us.



BUSINESS MANAGER

This busy senior is Jean Trudell. Jean has always been active at P.H.S., as she is Advertising Manager of THE STUDENT'S PEN, president of Beta Tri-Hi-Y, and a member of the bowling team. She was a member of the Junior Prom reception committee, and homeroom representative for two years. History tops her list of favorites in school. Jean's pet peeve is gum chewers, and her hobbies include swimming, dancing, tobogganing, skating, and, in general, all social activities.



February, 1952

15

CAPTAIN

A young man about P.H.S. is Johnny Howe. Johnny is in the band, the orchestra, on the track team, captain of the ski team, and a member of the Hungry Five. One can soon see him in the Senior Class Operetta.

He likes skiing and playing the accoridian. He lists steak and onions as his favorite foods.

Johnny, who is in the Technical Course, plans to take mechanical engineering at the University of Colorado. With such definite plans in mind, we know that Johnny will surely be a success.



POET

The senior responsible for most of the wonderful poems in THE STUDENT'S PEN is Janet Lewis, the editor of Poetry. Janet's other activities include the Girl's Glee Club, the musical comedy "The Red Mill," Beta Tri-Hi-Y, and bowling.

Janet's favorite foods are roast beef and browned potatoes. Her favorite subjects are English and French; and her pet peeve is people who say, "My, how you've grown!"

Janet has one of the most unusual hobbies we have ever known. Her hobby is collecting bird feathers, and we have it from reliable sources that she has a rather large collection.

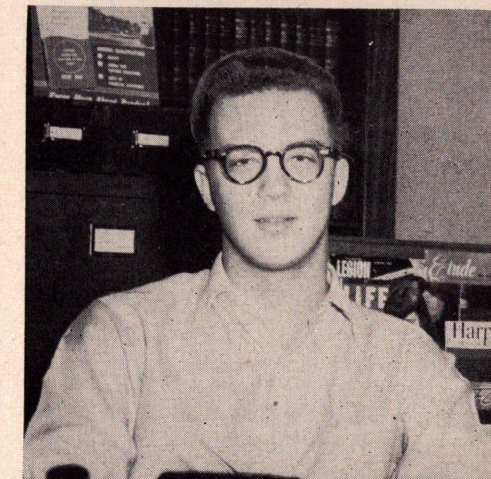
AN ACTIVE SENIOR

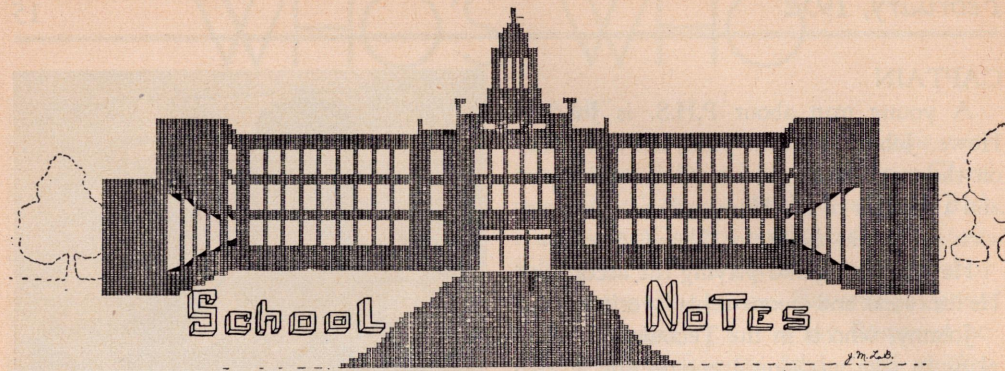
No doubt this popular student is known by everyone in P.H.S. If not, may I introduce Bruce Symanowicz.

Bruce is the President of the Student Council; Business Manager of the Yearbook; a member of the Senior Class Council, P.H.S. track team, Hi-Y; and he plays a trumpet in the band. On Saturday evenings, he may be seen with Jack O'Donnell's orchestra at the Y.M.C.A.

Bruce's pet peeve centers around girls who think they're "it". His favorite subject is English.

In June, he plans to enlist in the Air Force. Good luck, Bruce.





Peggy Navin, Editor

Phyllis Martin, Dorothy McMurphy, Meta Miller, Anne Everest, Joan Sutton, Patricia Smith, Judy Feder, Wilma Hooper, Sondra Sable, Jo Anne Soldato, Katherine Creran, Homer May, Mary Bolotin, Shirley Peach, Mary Ellen Da Silva, Robert Schwager, Bill Ryall, Mary Mackey, Rita Mackey

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTION

The Junior Class election took place Wednesday, January 16, 1952.

The posters displayed in the cafeteria and in the halls were very colorful and original, and showed that a lot of work was spent on them.

Class officers elected were: president—John Thompson; boy's vice president—Larry Bossidy; girl's vice president—Ann Shields; secretary—Mary Patella; treasurer—Rita Spadafora.

ORCHESTRA

This year the orchestra is sending four of its players to the All-State orchestra concert. They are Richard Moeller, Carl Maynard, Grace Henderson, and Leonard Lipschitz. The first three have secured solo positions. The All-State concert will be held on February 16 in Framingham, Mass. The music for the operetta arrived in January and the orchestra has been busily practicing it for the production of "Red Mill" on May 1 and 2. The orchestra also has been practicing a variety of selections which will be played at their own concert in April.

BAND

Although the band, as a whole, has not been playing at the basketball games because of seating difficulties, seventeen pieces of it can be seen and heard spurring our team on

to victory. This portion of the band is conducted by Carl Maynard.

This year Bill Ryall and Brad Bowers are going to play in the All State Band festivities to be held in Framingham. The best high school musicians in the state will be there.

The entire band is looking forward to the music festival held this year in Ware, Massachusetts. Everyone is sure that the band will cop high honors as it did last year.

GOOD GOVERNMENT DAY

Eleven students were nominees for the student representative on Good Government Day. They were Arthur Bailey, Deborah Carley, Carol Cooper, Paula Coughlin, Ann Everest, Elaine Gilmore, Ellen Hogan, Charles Kusik, William Lepp, Beverly Musgrove, and Joyce Todd.

Because of the great number a primary was held Friday, January 11, in all of the U. S. History classes. The candidates receiving the highest number of votes were Ann Everest and Arthur Bailey.

The general election won Arthur Bailey the title of Student Representative to the General Court. This is part of the Good Government Day exercises to be held in Boston in March.

A representative is being chosen from each school in the state to appear in Boston for Good Government Day.



MISS MARION E. WILLIS

MEET THE FACULTY

This friendly teacher, fellow students, is responsible for the grand party held for the STUDENT'S PEN Club each year. Yes, she is Miss Marion E. Willis, who can be found in Room 66. A native of Ayer, Mass., she is a graduate of Ayer High and Framingham State Teachers' College where she was awarded her Bachelor of Science degree, majoring in foods. No doubt the inviting aroma of good food in the halls can be attributed to Miss Willis' pupils. She teaches not only foods, but also home decoration and child care.

Miss Willis is by no means a newcomer to Pittsfield, as she has taught here since 1934, beginning first in junior high. Even before she came here, she taught at Lexington High, and was a student dietitian at Pittsfield General Hospital.

This busy teacher also instructs the women at evening school. Her hobbies of gardening and sewing no doubt take up a great deal of time in Miss Willis' daily schedule. Where sports are concerned, her preferences are centered around P.H.S. teams along with skiing and swimming.

"The field of home economics offers one of the widest and most interesting fields to

young women," states Miss Willis. I'm sure that with the aid of this amiable teacher, girls can be sure of a good background for the future.

TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

Once again the Tri-Hi-Y clubs all had full schedules. On January 16, all six clubs had the pleasure of listening to a talk at which Dr. George Shipton was guest speaker. As individuals, the clubs are all busy with different activities.

Alpha made Christmas much happier for eight underprivileged children with a Christmas party. Ann Shields very capably took over Santa Claus' job and distributed presents among the boys and girls. Last month the club had a very successful food sale, and, socially, they are looking forward to a sleigh ride in the latter part of February.

Beta has been kept busy giving aid to the Red Cross during January, and on the social scene they plan a spaghetti dinner and sleigh ride for February.

Delta had several speakers last month. A Red Cross representative spoke to the group on the 29th of January and the previous week, they were treated to an exhibition by an Avon cosmetics representative.

Sigma members have been busy as bees preparing for their dance, the Basketball Bounce, which is to be held at the Stanley Club Barn on February 16. Larry Murphy's orchestra will furnish the music.

Gamma girls were treated to a night out. On January 8, the group had supper out and then went bowling. The following week, they had a handwriting analyst as their guest. The club is also planning a social sometime in the near future.

Zeta was very busy during January. In the early part, they had a very successful cake sale. Mary Henriques as chairman did a fine job, later in the month they enjoyed a social.

ASSEMBLIES

Our first assembly of the year was held on November 26, 1951. The guest speaker, William C. Skadden, a psychologist, spoke to us about "The Road Ahead." He is a rare speaker who is at the same time very thoughtful, inspirational and entertaining. Mr. Skadden not only spoke entertainingly but pointedly on human problems out of a rich background of experience in human relations.

Until recently he was executive secretary of the Illinois Welfare Association. A partial survey of his experience includes many assignments, such as writer and lecturer for the Division for Delinquency Prevention of the Illinois Department of Public Welfare; Chairman, Advisory Board; Traveler's Aid and many others.

The U. S. Senator, Hugh Butler, has this to say about him. "William Skadden has that rare ability of being able to make an important message palatable through his rich humor and sound psychology. His presentations make the substance of his address stay in the minds of his listeners."

Early in January we had as a speaker, Miss Grace Wolpect Keene. Her specialties were "Dramatic Miniatures," which are scenes from well-known plays, in which Miss Keene plays all the parts.

She presented scenes from "Seventeen", and "Mama Knows Best," which the whole school found extremely amusing and entertaining.

TECHNICAL NEWS

In November, Mr. Samuel Sass, librarian in charge of the Stanley Library at the General Electric Company, spoke to the Junior Class. He outlined the ways of using libraries and what libraries can do for us if we use them properly. In describing the use of reference books, Mr. Sass said that when one needs information on a subject, one asks an expert. It is not always easy to talk to an expert, but if the information one wants

has been published in a magazine or a book, it becomes a simple matter to consult the expert via the written information.

Mr. Sass outlined the many various reference sources of information:—

1. The unabridged dictionary, which has information other than just derivations and meanings of words. Its information includes statistics of various kinds, general information, etc.
2. The almanac, which includes facts on weather, events of the past few years, and general statistics.
3. "How to make it" books, which tell how to construct things.
4. The "Who's Who" type, which describes well-known people in the world.
5. The encyclopedia, which has extensive information on people and subjects.

Mr. Sass explained the library catalogue. Most library catalogues are of the dictionary type. He explained the two systems of cataloguing information, which are the Dewey decimal system and the Library of Congress system, both of which have many good features. Mr. Sass, in explaining how to use the library catalogue card, showed us a large reproduction of one.

Mr. Sass's lecture was very interesting. It is felt that the class will benefit greatly from the talk.

One of the highlights of December was the Junior Class trip to Crane and Company's Bay State Mill in Dalton. From the many comments overheard afterward, the tour can be judged to be very successful.

After being divided into small groups, the boys started at the storage room where the raw materials, cloth and cord, were brought in. Nearby, they watched this material being sorted, automatically cut into smaller pieces and then dusted to remove the large amounts of dust that accompanies the cut cloth. Next, the cloth is digested in one of several boilers to soften the fibers and to remove the dyes.

After this step, the cloth pieces are beaten in several oval troughs which have beaters mounted on one side. The cloth is separated into fibers at this stage. After being processed for a time, the fibers go to vats where water is added to obtain a uniform consistency. The mixture is then sent to the paper-making machines. In this final and important step the pulp is converted to sheet, the watermark is pressed on, most of the water is removed by heat, and then the paper is finished and rolled on drums. After this, the rolls of paper are transferred to a floor where the long strips of paper are cut to uniform lengths and widths. The paper is then inspected, sorted, and shipped to other Crane mills to be made into many different products.

This mill, we learned, makes stationery of many kinds and colors, for bank checks and notes, legal documents such as deeds and contracts, and insurance policies. The name of Crane and Company is known throughout the world for its many fine papers.

From Chuck Furciniti, the Senior Class reporter, comes the news that the General Electric Company recently sent us an authority, Mr. Ernest Fox, to inform us of the many opportunities offered in the Apprentice Course to the technical high school graduate.

This course, which offers drafting and toolmaking, is primarily for the high school student who finds it financially impossible to attend college, but who desires a better job than the average untrained person. The apprentice furthers his education while he learns a trade and receives good pay every week. To any boy who is scholastically able, and who doesn't plan to enter college, it would certainly be worth looking into.

A new piece of testing equipment has been added to both the Mechanics and the Electrical Laboratory. It is a fractional-horsepower dynamometer. The dynamometer will

measure the torque or rotating force of motors, engines, or other rotating equipment. The dynamometer consists of a motor-generator unit, an instrument panel, and a meter for measuring torque. When the motor-generator is being used as a motor, the amount of power used to drive equipment can be measured; when a motor is being tested, it drives the motor-generator and both the amount of power produced and the torque is measured. The dynamometer runs on direct current and is able to test motors of 1 horsepower or less. This instrument will help students learn more about the characteristics of small electric motors that the students themselves construct or repair.

On January 10, Mr. R. J. Baumann, in charge of Marketing Research at the Chemical Division of the General Electric Company, spoke to the Junior Class on the Chemical Industry.

Mr. Baumann said that the chemical industry in the United States is one of the fastest growing industries. In support of this statement, he gave a number of reasons. Nearly all manufactured products depend in some way on the chemical industry. Mr. Baumann showed charts which indicated that while the population growth since 1925 has been 1% yearly and industry as a whole has grown at the rate of 3% yearly, the increase of the chemical industry has been 10% yearly.

To illustrate the rapid growth of the chemical industry, Mr. Baumann told the class that the industry is spending 5 billion dollars yearly for new plants and equipment. A great deal of money is spent in developing new products. For example, the development of nylon cost 5 million dollars.

Mr. Baumann concluded his talk by telling the class of the many opportunities which exist for the technical graduate in this rapidly growing industry.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

If you were George Washington and had finished chopping down the cherry tree, what would be *your* alibi?

EMMA POTTER—I like pie.

JIMMY RENZI—I was mad because I didn't get my bubble gum.

LILLIAN OPPIDI—It took up too much room.

KEN WELCH—I was hungry.

PAULA COUGHLIN—If I were George Washington, I'd tell the truth;—otherwise??

BOB DONALD—I didn't do it; the hatchet did.

BARB LIMONT—Couldn't quite reach the cherry.

TOM VALUSKI—Didn't have anything else to do and wanted to try out my new hatchet.

ANNETTE MONKS—Spoiled my view.

DICK BISHOP—I didn't know it was a cherry tree.

ELEANOR PERSIP—Because of my little cherry on top of the tree.

DANTE FRESIA—I was using the axe for battling practice.

GERRY GIARD—Couldn't see it.

KENNY RUSSELL—I did it with my little hatchet.

CARL MAYNARD—It's easier to climb that way.

CHUCK FURCINITI—We needed a red dye.

SHIRLEY PEACH—I did that???

MARTIN SALTARELLI—I was hungry!

AL REINHARDT—To make history.

SHIRLEY SNOW—It got in my way too "Manny" times.

BOB WINSLOW—I thought that it would be a "Gail" affair to have my name in the paper.

ANITA SMITH—The wood supply was low so I thought I'd replenish it.

SENIOR CLASS OPERETTA

No doubt everyone in the halls of Pittsfield knows by now of the production of Victor Herbert's "Red Mill" on May first and second. With Mary Lou Moser and Dick Williams as capable co-chairmen, it appears that

it will be a great success. The cast includes about fifty students in all. Practices for both choruses, leads and orchestra are now in full swing. Mr. Conroy is tutoring dialogue and he will also act as stage manager.

With all the various departments working together, Pittsfield stands in readiness for a big treat.

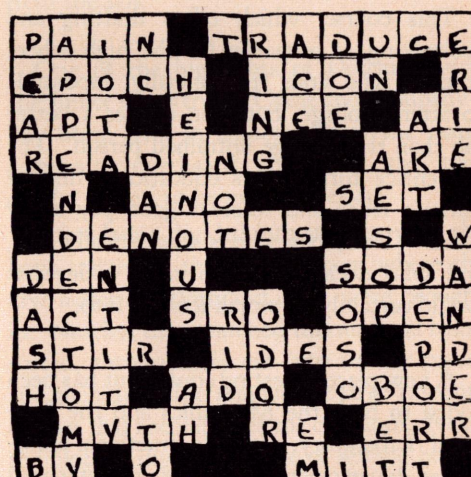
P. H. S.-ST. JOE BASKETBALL RALLY

The music of the Pittsfield High band filled the auditorium as the anxious and enthusiastic student body pushed their way down the aisles. After everyone was seated, Mr. Strout introduced our snappy captain of the cheerleaders, Marian Belanger. At the close of her talk, she and the cheerleaders introduced two new cheers and two new songs. We also met the newest members of the varsity cheering squad, Elaine Saldato and Nancy Giard.

Captain Jimmy Williamson promised the team's wholehearted support for a good fight if the cheering section would give their support. Of course no rally would be complete without a pep talk from Coach Art Fox.

We, the student body, want to thank all those responsible for allowing us to have our first basketball rally during the sixth period.

Solution to Crossword Puzzle



ASSEMBLY

Two balancing marvels, Marlo and Adrian, were met and greatly enjoyed by the student body on Thursday, February 7. These two peppy tumblers, known in off-stage moments as Mr. and Mrs. Howard Esche, are widely known throughout the country; as people have seen them on television—on the Arthur Godfrey and his Friends show, the Kate Smith show, and the Steve Allen show. No doubt the sunny and invigorating weather in Florida did much to spur these enthusiasts of bending to great heights.

Their home is in Miami, Florida; the Olympis Theater in that city is their headquarters, but by no means have they stayed in any one place for very long. They have been instructors in the Cleveland and Milwaukee Societies. With such a well-balanced background as this, it is no wonder that their program of physical education is so widely received by people of all ages.

Identically dressed in white turtle-necked sweaters, bearing their initials M and A, respectively, tan slacks, and saddle shoes, Marlo and Adrian proceeded to entertain us with some of their difficult tricks. We were shown how circus aerialists learn their colossal jumps, leaps and other tricks. To prove the point they made that anyone could learn these things, they called for the assistance of two strong boys. To these boys they taught the walk-over and the back flip.

As a finale, Marlo and Adrian performed a trick they have been perfecting for four years. It resembled a wind mill, for she was tossed around and around him. After this tiring feat, there was a question period during which the fundamentals of several tricks were discussed and demonstrated.

It is evident that everyone thoroughly enjoyed this program—in both seeing the television stars and learning about the art of tumbling.

GUIDANCE

(Continued from page 11)

Between these two extremes, there are many high school students. Such a one might be the bright person who gets fairly good marks with little effort and in the process of doing this for twelve years has made himself the ideal raw material for the later day worker who "knows all the answers" but doesn't produce. He's the type, you know, who never can understand why he "doesn't get any place."

Or maybe you are one of the mid-group; you are neither very bright nor the opposite; neither beautiful nor ugly; not graceful nor clumsy; not burning with zeal or lazily indifferent. Maybe, you just figure that school is a place that you stay until you're 16 and that it doesn't make much difference while you're there as long as you keep out of people's hair. For you there is also the answer: your high school record *does* make a difference in your future ability to get a job and secondly, to progress in it, since you yourself have set the "pattern" during these 12 years.

Employers and college admission boards look for the well-balanced individual whose high school record shows that he has done the best he can with what he has and that in doing it, he has managed to retain the respect of his school-mates, teachers, and others with whom he comes in contact.

Given that type of personality, plus interest and ambition in the job at hand, there is no hesitancy on the part of personnel people to predict success.

If you wish to obtain more information, read such booklets as "What Good is High School?", "Your Personality and Your Job", "Understanding Yourself", and other pamphlets which you can obtain from your teacher-counselors. Books such as "How You Can Get a Better Job" and "Ways To Improve Your Personality" will give you a more expansive treatment of the subject.



All P.H.S. has its eyes focused on the 1952 Olympics. Verne Goodwin, '49, is a member of the U. S. Olympic Ski Team, which has left for Europe to compete in a series of meets. In these meets, which are being used primarily for training, Verne has done very well. In the Lauberhonn Races he finished 17th in the downhill and was the first American to cross the finish line. He was 22nd in the slalom there and among the Americans, second. In other events following this, he has been near the front at the finish. At press time the big question was whether Verne could compete. He has been stricken with a mild case of appendicitis and if doctors can hold off the operation Verne will be skiing beginning on the 14th.

Libera Principe, '51, was elected president of her class at Boston University-Sargent College School of Physical Education, where she is a freshman.

Lorita Martinelli, '50, a sophomore at Becker Junior College, is on the mid-semester dean's list. Lorita is a member of the cheer-leading squad, the Newman Club, and the basketball team.

Emma Pettit, '48, is a senior at Russell Sage College, Troy, N. Y.

Rudolph Sacco is a student at Boston College Law School.

Marion Pincu, '48, a junior at the New England Conservatory of Music, has won a Jennie L. Cox scholarship. Marion has written three rondos based on a Kiwanis melody.

Joan and Jane Phair, '51, and Linda Reynolds, '51, have been placed on the dean's list at Bryant College of business administration.

Malcolm B. Kane, '50, and Walter N. Creer, Jr., '50, have received athletic awards at Williams; Malcolm for lacrosse and Walt for baseball.

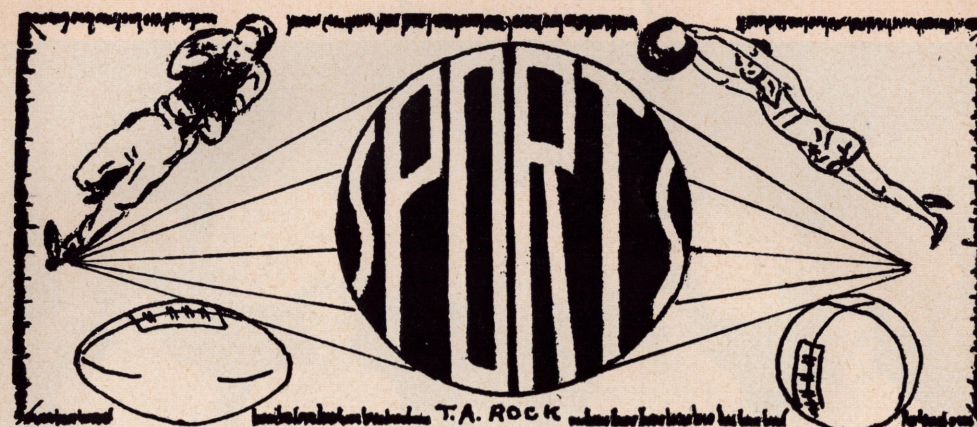
Lynn Thompson, '50, was on the dean's list for the past semester at Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education, which is affiliated with Tufts College.

Richard Lavigne and Lee Stack have graduated from the Naval Electronics Technician School service school command at the Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Ill.

Jennie Helstowski, '42, has been promoted to supervisor of the emergency ward at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston.

William Loehr, '50, has enlisted in the Marines and took boot training at Parris Island, S. C., He is now stationed at Camp Pendleton.

Marilyn Bemiss, '51, a freshman at Albany Business College, is listed among the first-term honor students.



PITTSFIELD OUTCLASSES DALTON 48-43

By Louis Marks

Pittsfield's defending North Berkshire Champions won their opening game of the current season by subduing a stubborn Dalton team 48-43. Larry Bossidy showed the way with 19 points followed by Jim Williamson, who excelled on rebounding, with 8 points.

In the first quarter both teams had trouble with their shooting, as many shots rolled off the rim, and the score at the end of the quarter was 12-12. With both teams pressing in the second quarter, Pittsfield broke out in front with some fine shooting by Bossidy and Brennan, as Pittsfield's play-making and passing began to function. The score at half-time was 30-23. In the third quarter Dalton tightened up their game and cut the lead to 33-29, in favor of Pittsfield, but then 2 baskets and 2 foul shots by Bossidy, and 3 points each by Brennan and Williamson resulted in an 8-point chain, and Pittsfield was 12 points in front, but then they began to commit fouls, and Dalton narrowed the gap to 42-35. In the fourth quarter the scoring was about even with quite a bit of loose-ball handling as both teams were pressing. But Pittsfield never folded and kept at a steady

PITTSFIELD DEFEATS WILLIAMSTOWN 65-38

By Louis Marks

Pittsfield High's basketball team broke out of a scoring slump and a two-game losing streak by overwhelming Williamstown at the Armory January 30. There wasn't much action or scoring in the first quarter as both teams were taking their time. The quarter ended with Pittsfield leading 11-6. At the beginning of the second quarter Pittsfield jumped ahead, but Williamstown pulled up, with the score at one time 17-15. Pittsfield quickly widened the lead to a 28-20 score at the half on some fine shooting by Bossidy, Brennan, and Williamson. Pittsfield went further ahead in the third quarter as Larry Bossidy scored eight points, and the third period ended with Pittsfield in front 42-28. Jack Brennan led the way with seven points in the last quarter. Then when Pittsfield had a large enough lead, the reserves appeared on the scene to play the last minutes. Pittsfield rolled up 23 points in the last quarter to run away with the game. Larry Bossidy had 21 points to lead the way, Jack Brennan followed with 14 points. Bob Monette led Williamstown with nine points.

pace that bewildered Dalton until the final buzzer.

Girls' Sports



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Front Row: Carol Chiorgno, Carol Walters, Captain Jane Whiting, Judy Larkin, Carolyn Keefe
Back Row: Elaine Soldato, Sara Morgan, Lorita Calderella, Barbara Limont, Marilyn Case, Sally Reagan

VOLLEYBALL

A dogged junior team, after losing to the seniors in a long-delayed field hockey tournament, returned for the volleyball competition determined to win. Of the four games it played, the team lost only one; and that by just two points. The sophomores won two of their four games by defeating both of the other teams once.

BASKETBALL

The gym has been a very crowded place lately, with at least two basketball games scheduled for almost every afternoon. Once more the girls entered in the Round-Robin Basketball Tournament have thought up some extraordinary names for their teams and are trying to make these names known by

winning every game. Many of the girls who distinguished themselves in former games are back to captain the teams. There is some stiff competition in the games and it will be a difficult feat to win the tournament without a game lost.

BOWLING

The bowling teams have organized once again to hold their competition. Although the alleys are open on three days for the high school, there is still not enough room for all the girls who would like to bowl. The tournament for this popular sport will be held at the end of the season between the highest teams for each day. Each team is trying its best to win the honors which have been held for the past two years by the same group.

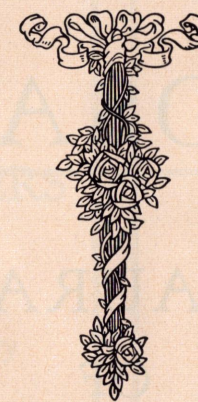
February 1952

25

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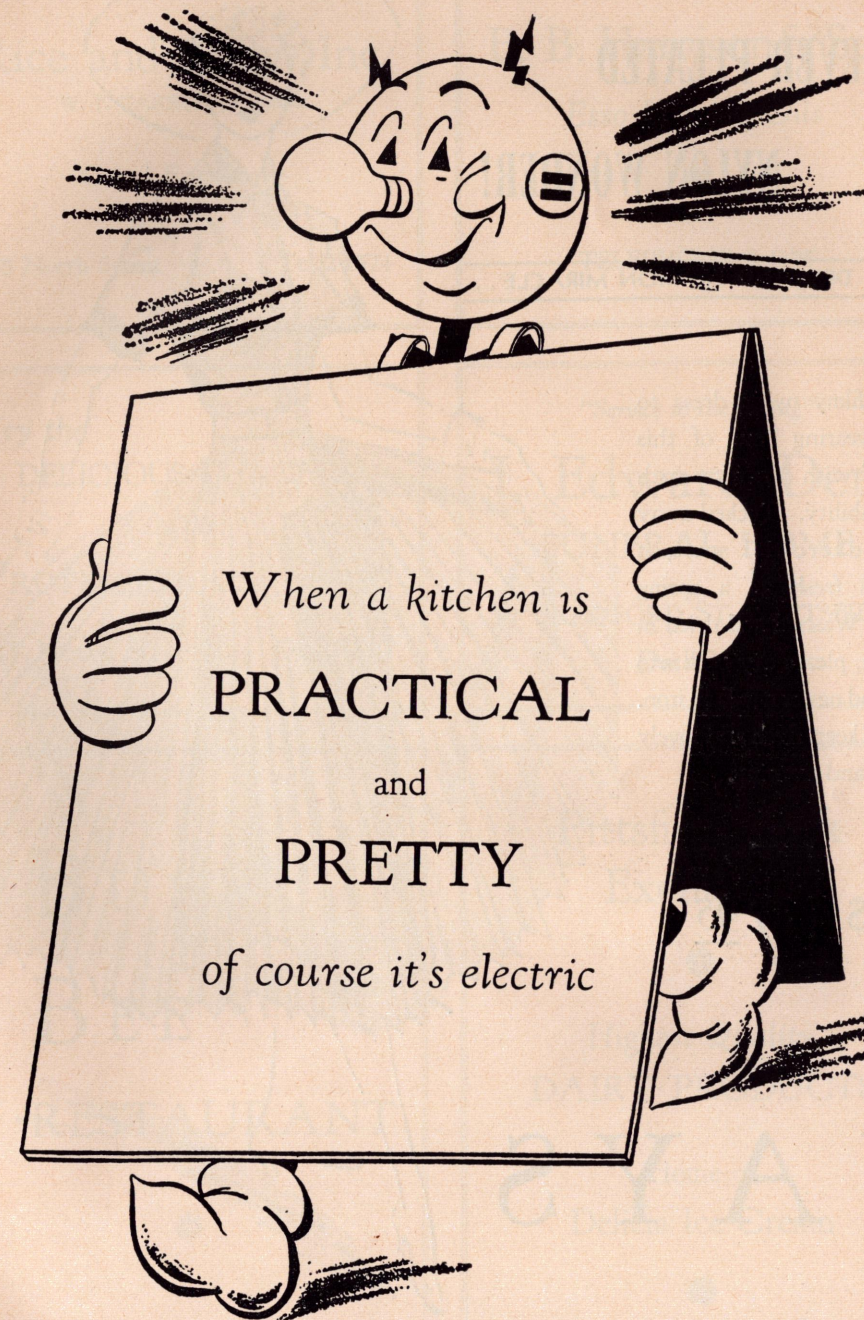
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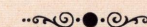
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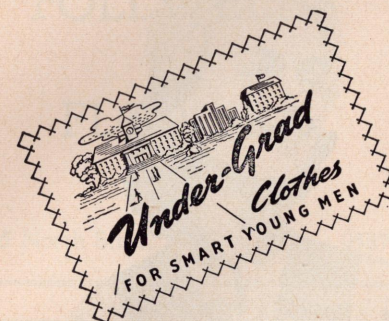
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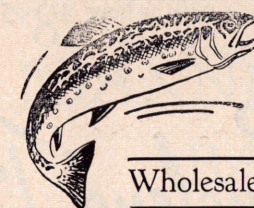
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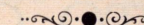
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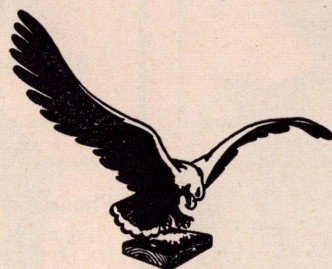
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